

THE MAINE FARMER: AN AGRICULTURAL AND FAMILY NEWSPAPER.

Poetry.

THE SLEEP.
BY J. H. BROWN.
"He giveth His beloved, sleep."—PSALM CXXV.

Of all the thoughts of death that are
Beneath our heads, none like
"Along the Foothills deep,
How far the way to sleep,
How far the grace of death,
How giveth His beloved, sleep."

III.

What do we give to our beloved?
A little kiss, a little smile,
A little caress, a little sake,
"He giveth His beloved, sleep."

IV.

Sleep soft beloved!—we sometimes say,
But how oft to sleep away
The painful woes of life, when we
Never doze dream again,
"He giveth His beloved, sleep."

V.

Oh earth! so full of dreary woes!
O man, with wailing in your voice!
But sleep, when you are away,
The world seems like a garden,
"He giveth His beloved, sleep."

VI.

He doth dream on the hill;
The slope seems now and racy,
Methinks he doth dream over,
Or sleep is doctored overhead,
"He giveth His beloved, sleep."

VII.

And, friends—dear friends—when shall be
The day when you come to sleep,
And round my head, as I doth sleep,
Sing "Hark! the bells it tolls!"
"He giveth His beloved, sleep."

VIII.

For me, my heart doth not go,
Nor like a child sleep at a sleep;

Who sees through tears the mummy leap,
Would see me in the wavy sleep,

Who giveth His beloved, sleep.

VIII.

And, friends—dear friends—when shall be
The day when you come to sleep,

And round my head, as I doth sleep,
Sing "Hark! the bells it tolls!"
"He giveth His beloved, sleep."

VIII.

Our Story-Teller.

A CHRISTMAS STORY.

We never could make out why, but so it was. He was never demonstrative. George Tresham was rather a quiet, reserved kind of a man, who smiled rarely and always had a thoughtful, serious expression, and disdained looks and thoughts and people with a keen shrewdness and a touch of cynicism, certainly, but still openly and unreservedly. My first acquaintance with him was when we were both at Oxford, but we did not get on very closely then. Tresham was a young man, and I was a boy, and we did not feel like my set, and they were ribald and fast, repeated them as ne'er-do-wells, and warned me against a continuance of their society. I paid little heed to him, but he was right as it proved. I spent all my capital, and when I came to the last, and I was compelled to start home, I was from a friend who told me to get me a living as soon as I was ordained, and all the rest who had drunk my wine and borrowed my money and lived at my expense, deserted me en-masse, and I was compelled to leave college without taking my degree, and to go to a school for a living, which gave me my good father to commence sleepless famine.

No matter to record here the weary time of desperate, dreary work, the loneliness, the anxiety, the actual danger of starvation, the long rides, the conflicts with the natives and the bushrangers, the awful losses of men and money, and the constant suspense to suffice it to say that I struggled through ten years of it, that Providence aided me throughout, and I returned with a fortune gained by my own labor, far larger than I had ever dreamed to have made in England. No need to tell here of my falling in love with a charming girl, the daughter of a rich, old, Bell Maitland, a country toad, and a first of flirts, who was reported to be engaged to Earl Fleetwood, the lord lieutenant, and who gave up all her flirts, and trifles, and intentions, and of high estate, to me, and who soon bought a horse on my own judgment that she will be mine. Tresham was a young man, and when I was ordained, they were ribald and fast, repeated them as ne'er-do-wells, and warned me against a continuance of their society. I paid little heed to him, but he was right as it proved. I spent all my capital, and when I came to the last, and I was compelled to start home, I was from a friend who told me to get me a living as soon as I was ordained, and all the rest who had drunk my wine and borrowed my money and lived at my expense, deserted me en-masse, and I was compelled to leave college without taking my degree, and to go to a school for a living, which gave me my good father to commence sleepless famine.

"You are Frank Malton?" he asked.

I answered to my name, and then, with a sudden recollection, called out, "And you, George Tresham?"

He was in the Temple, that he had no profession, his private fortune and his college fellowship bringing together ample income for his wants, and that he was glad to see me again. He heard of me from mutual friends as being married and settled, and found out that my wife was a widow, and that she had been to trouble a minister, had sobered down into healthy, quiet and domestic happiness. I was unfeignedly glad to see him again, and I told him that he must come and see his quedam fast young friend, the quality of Bennett.

He pressed me and he came. As I imagined, he and Tresham struck up a tremendous friendship, and as he and I seemed to renew all our old likings as though we had never been separated, there were but few days which did not find George Tresham dining or calling in Curzon, or the house of his old school in Oxford, where he had taken to literature, and the certain brilliant scholarly, though always caustic articles, published in a leading review, had brought him into communication with some of our leading literary men, by whom he was treated with a deference and distinction which his own natural high bearing and independent manners, and his own personal popularity, especially at his chambers, would meet some of the best known professors of literature and art.

But with all this, Tresham was anything but a happy man. There was a gloomy reserve about his very manner, and he was surrounded by the kind of quiet gravity with which he surrounded himself; at others, dissolved in the quiet pleasantness of cheerful society, such as he met at our house.

And not alone. Women always notice this kind of thing more than men, and think much more of them. Tresham, who had become quite attached to Tresham, constantly spoke to me about his health, and when we dined at his house, he was always fond of his general shortcomings in society, all of which he had arranged in a long and detailed catalogue.

"Isn't it a pity," she would say, "when he's so nice and so clever, and puts everything in a nice light." I was told from the lips of Mr. Cowper that she was brought from the club on Wednesday, and whose witty sayings we're always quick, had to "shut up," as you call it, very quickly when Mr. Tresham answered his silly witticisms about women's talk. "Oh, what can he do but make himself unhappy; he's a little dull sometimes, but that's probably arises from dyspepsia or something of that sort."

She declared that this solution of the question was "horribly low" and "unromantic," and that it was plain to her that Mr. Tresham had something in his mind.

This colony, varying a little in detail, but always maintaining the same leading points, ending with the same result, had been maintained many times between my wife and myself, both in Curzon street and at Euston Towers, whence we retreated after the season, and where Tresham came down among our other acquaintances in the shooting. A certain company, he was in a country house, always suggesting of something to do, a good ride without being perpetually boring to be in the stable; a good ride without those allusions to the stable; so perpetually studding the talk of horses, a good ride at a picnic without the constant fear of drowning in the water; a picnic without a pleasant gaze over an old castle or a ruined abbey without the dreary information of the archaeological bore or the spurious enthusiasm of the amateur poet. With all his pretensions at the towers he became a special favorite, while the other keepers actually disdained him, such an adept was he at the most particular coming home to them, and so liberal to their position.

Time passed, and, to our delight, Tresham outstayed all his time. He had a literary work on hand which absorbed most of his time, and the afternoon he was always ready to ride, or drive, or accommodate himself to the will and pleasure of the majority. But our number, decided one by one, and the day for the last family fitting was named, Tresham came down to his old place, a room in a business in which I am interested, his wife with him. I have heard from them twice or thrice during the two years they have been away. Maud is stated to have quite recovered her good looks, and her husband to have settled down into steadiness—in which

he is, perhaps somewhat influenced by the state of his health, which previous to his last illness, I had to help him to the best of my power.

He shuddered as I spoke, and said, "No, old friend, no, thanks; at that time I must be in town."

"What?" I replied, "to spend your Christmas in your dull chamber by yourself, without a soul to talk to or exchange sympathies with, while we all shall be in the best of health?"

"I shock old George by the hand and told him that I was in the best of health; but that he could scarcely do this, I shall almost look upon it as a personal affront, and I know Bell will be horribly disappointed."

"God bless you, and to you too!" Tresham exclaimed, fervently; "the kindness shown to me by both of you since your return, has set a new lustre on my life, and since I had you to see me in the market town nearest Euston Towers, when I had a letter—a letter—left by Mr. Tresham," he said, "it's a strange letter."

"Starred?" I exclaimed, "what, do you mean to say he's gone?"

"Yes, sir," said Rowley, "got a telegram at noon, and started by the 1:30 express to London, sir."

"I send George to you." The old man, who was interruping, had often seen her looking wistfully at my gloomy expression and my knitted brows, and I have endeavored then to shake it off, but it will come to me."

"Dull, George, perhaps, but never more, I respond, a little little man and then; indeed, I will."

"Ah, I notice it, too," said Rowley, "a person of

such a man, who has noticed her, will be surprised to see her again, when she comes to town again."

"Dear Tresham!—Just received some important news, I can't tell you now, but will be back in about a month, when I will tell you. Now, do use your writing to me until you hear. Kindest to Madam. All ways."

"Starred?" I exclaimed, "what, do you mean to say he's gone?"

"Yes, sir," said Rowley, "got a telegram at noon, and started by the 1:30 express to London, sir."

"I send George to you." The old man, who was interruping, had often seen her looking wistfully at my gloomy expression and my knitted brows, and I have endeavored then to shake it off, but it will come to me."

"Dull, George, perhaps, but never more, I respond, a little little man and then; indeed, I will."

"Ah, I notice it, too," said Rowley, "a person of

such a man, who has noticed her, will be surprised to see her again, when she comes to town again."

"Dear Tresham!—Just received some important news, I can't tell you now, but will be back in about a month, when I will tell you. Now, do use your writing to me until you hear. Kindest to Madam. All ways."

"Starred?" I exclaimed, "what, do you mean to say he's gone?"

"Yes, sir," said Rowley, "got a telegram at noon, and started by the 1:30 express to London, sir."

"I send George to you." The old man, who was interruping, had often seen her looking wistfully at my gloomy expression and my knitted brows, and I have endeavored then to shake it off, but it will come to me."

"Dull, George, perhaps, but never more, I respond, a little little man and then; indeed, I will."

"Ah, I notice it, too," said Rowley, "a person of

such a man, who has noticed her, will be surprised to see her again, when she comes to town again."

"Dear Tresham!—Just received some important news, I can't tell you now, but will be back in about a month, when I will tell you. Now, do use your writing to me until you hear. Kindest to Madam. All ways."

"Starred?" I exclaimed, "what, do you mean to say he's gone?"

"Yes, sir," said Rowley, "got a telegram at noon, and started by the 1:30 express to London, sir."

"I send George to you." The old man, who was interruping, had often seen her looking wistfully at my gloomy expression and my knitted brows, and I have endeavored then to shake it off, but it will come to me."

"Dull, George, perhaps, but never more, I respond, a little little man and then; indeed, I will."

"Ah, I notice it, too," said Rowley, "a person of

such a man, who has noticed her, will be surprised to see her again, when she comes to town again."

"Dear Tresham!—Just received some important news, I can't tell you now, but will be back in about a month, when I will tell you. Now, do use your writing to me until you hear. Kindest to Madam. All ways."

"Starred?" I exclaimed, "what, do you mean to say he's gone?"

"Yes, sir," said Rowley, "got a telegram at noon, and started by the 1:30 express to London, sir."

"I send George to you." The old man, who was interruping, had often seen her looking wistfully at my gloomy expression and my knitted brows, and I have endeavored then to shake it off, but it will come to me."

"Dull, George, perhaps, but never more, I respond, a little little man and then; indeed, I will."

"Ah, I notice it, too," said Rowley, "a person of

such a man, who has noticed her, will be surprised to see her again, when she comes to town again."

"Dear Tresham!—Just received some important news, I can't tell you now, but will be back in about a month, when I will tell you. Now, do use your writing to me until you hear. Kindest to Madam. All ways."

"Starred?" I exclaimed, "what, do you mean to say he's gone?"

"Yes, sir," said Rowley, "got a telegram at noon, and started by the 1:30 express to London, sir."

"I send George to you." The old man, who was interruping, had often seen her looking wistfully at my gloomy expression and my knitted brows, and I have endeavored then to shake it off, but it will come to me."

"Dull, George, perhaps, but never more, I respond, a little little man and then; indeed, I will."

"Ah, I notice it, too," said Rowley, "a person of

such a man, who has noticed her, will be surprised to see her again, when she comes to town again."

"Dear Tresham!—Just received some important news, I can't tell you now, but will be back in about a month, when I will tell you. Now, do use your writing to me until you hear. Kindest to Madam. All ways."

"Starred?" I exclaimed, "what, do you mean to say he's gone?"

"Yes, sir," said Rowley, "got a telegram at noon, and started by the 1:30 express to London, sir."

"I send George to you." The old man, who was interruping, had often seen her looking wistfully at my gloomy expression and my knitted brows, and I have endeavored then to shake it off, but it will come to me."

"Dull, George, perhaps, but never more, I respond, a little little man and then; indeed, I will."

"Ah, I notice it, too," said Rowley, "a person of

such a man, who has noticed her, will be surprised to see her again, when she comes to town again."

"Dear Tresham!—Just received some important news, I can't tell you now, but will be back in about a month, when I will tell you. Now, do use your writing to me until you hear. Kindest to Madam. All ways."

"Starred?" I exclaimed, "what, do you mean to say he's gone?"

"Yes, sir," said Rowley, "got a telegram at noon, and started by the 1:30 express to London, sir."

"I send George to you." The old man, who was interruping, had often seen her looking wistfully at my gloomy expression and my knitted brows, and I have endeavored then to shake it off, but it will come to me."

"Dull, George, perhaps, but never more, I respond, a little little man and then; indeed, I will."

"Ah, I notice it, too," said Rowley, "a person of

such a man, who has noticed her, will be surprised to see her again, when she comes to town again."

"Dear Tresham!—Just received some important news, I can't tell you now, but will be back in about a month, when I will tell you. Now, do use your writing to me until you hear. Kindest to Madam. All ways."

"Starred?" I exclaimed, "what, do you mean to say he's gone?"

"Yes, sir," said Rowley, "got a telegram at noon, and started by the 1:30 express to London, sir."

"I send George to you." The old man, who was interruping, had often seen her looking wistfully at my gloomy expression and my knitted brows, and I have endeavored then to shake it off, but it will come to me."

"Dull, George, perhaps, but never more, I respond, a little little man and then; indeed, I will."

"Ah, I notice it, too," said Rowley, "a person of

such a man, who has noticed her, will be surprised to see her again, when she comes to town again."

"Dear Tresham!—Just received some important news, I can't tell you now, but will be back in about a month, when I will tell you. Now, do use your writing to me until you hear. Kindest to Madam. All ways."

"Starred?" I exclaimed, "what, do you mean to say he's gone?"